Hate could turn into Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/23620798.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Matthew Brown (Hannibal)
Additional Tags:	Vampires, Alternate Universe - Vampire, Dracula Influence/References, Vampire Hannibal Lecter, Alternate Universe
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-04-12 Updated: 2020-06-15 Words: 4,838 Chapters: 3/?

Hate could turn into Love

by Reapthatsoldier

Summary

The story begins on the starving land of Baltimore, the year was 1853, thus follows the hero of this story.

William Graham is a worker, with a big dream to sail away and see the world. Through a bright idea he manages to make his way upon a ship. He knew his life would change when he got aboard the ship, little did he know Hannibal Lecter would be the reason why.

A story inspired by Dracula, I hope you enjoy.

Notes

This is my first Hannibal fic, I hope it alright!

Chapter 1

The story begins on the starving land of Baltimore, the year was 1853, thus follows the hero of this story. Young William Graham, 32 years of age, occupation: Shoe Repairer. His life had always been harsh, living as a bastard child had been a lonely one. His kind Uncle took him in, they had sailed often on a boat, fished and survived together, however after short of 14 years, the older man died of Scurvy. William had been alone ever since.

He had lived in a small apartment, you really couldn't call it that however. It was a box room, he had no possessions, nothing that could be stolen for money. His life was harsh, it had been around 15 years since his Uncle died, he remembered when he first heard of his remaining family member's death, he had just come off his boat from a short fishing trip. His neighbors looked to him like the plague, they had some theory that he killed his Uncle. Some thought they had a strange relationship, no one really knew anything about them.

William and his Uncles relationship was that of an Uncle and Nephew, although it was really like Father and son. William never knew his father but he was grateful for the guidance that his Uncle gave him. He was rushed to leave his home, left with none of his things, even his boat was taken away, and he was briskly moved on to the life he knew today. Often he would sit by the small window overlooking the harbor, he often thought about his dream to go out there one day, to move on from this small town. He felt that he was destined for the sea, for the brutal waves to overlap him with every stroke. He missed it greatly, He had tried to join many ships crew but so far none of them let him on, he could never get the papers signed. That is until a bright idea popped into his mind, what if he forged them? He could get on the boat easily with them, most of the crew weren't smart enough to know the difference... right?

William saw his opportunity and dashed for it. As he ventured down the steps outside his apartment, through the crowds of people in the square and on towards the gigantic ships that towered over all that he called home, he could see the rich folk lining up to board. One ship in particular looked interesting, the name was 'No regrets'. Written in fine white paint. He smiled and walked onto the planks covering the water from the harbor. He placed his hands in his pockets and stood infront of a man with a book. He looked to be either the captain or the first mate.

"Hi, I was wondering if you have any space on your crew for one more helper?" He asked with a kind smile. He didn't want to seem to eager or too mean. He wanted to be nice.

The man looked through his books, then back at Will, then back at his books. "Might 'Av." He said in an accent William had never heard of before, his bright eyes shot up with anticipation. This clearly caught the attention of the man who sighed in return. "Who are you man? Any signed notice to join t' crew?" he asked, placing one hand on his hip.

William looked back in shock, feigning offense as he brought out a forged letter of notice, he handed it over with a smug look upon his face. Although he was truthfully worried about it, however he knew better to let it show upon his face.

"The name is William Graham, Here's the letter, hope that is good enough for you, sir." He said in a rushed tone, almost worried he might get caught.

The man grumbled in reply, looking through his book once more, before sighing and closing it with a loud 'thud'. "Alright, you can come on board, Get to work right away." He stated, Will stepped back and shook his head in shock that it worked. "Thank you, and you won't regret this." He said with a grin while walking past the man, who simply grabbed his arm stopping him from advancing. He spoke, "The ships name is no regrets for a reason." He then let go of his arm and started to let the public on the ship.

Will looked back in shock to only nod and get to work, a crew mate pulled his arm towards him and started him with his duties. "You'll wanna get started on tying the rope round there." He pointed to a blunt object attached to the ship. This was to clearly keep the ship in the harbor. Will nodded and followed what the man did, after he was done he started to talk.

"Thanks, my names Will." he said, popping his hand out for a hand shake, the man laughed and patted him on the shoulder, leaving William hanging. "Name's Matthew, but you can call me, Matt." He replied in laughter. Will smiled and carried on with his job, occasionally looking at the people who got on the ship.

There appeared to be 5 guests on board, 2 Women and 3 Men. They all wore an arrange of clothing, from waistcoats to corsets with pompous cloth. He shook his head and continued to work. He was surprised how entertained he was while working, he was almost vibrating with excitement. This is what he dreamt of, and now he could finally be a part of it all. He could finally see the world - his train of thought was cut off when he heard footsteps coming up to the deck. Loud beastly steps echoing in his ears. He turned around to see a man with high stature stand in front of the man in charge of the ship's logs. The man wore all black, except for his grey waistcoat. He had long hair tied in a pony tail, his eyes were a honey brown, they seemed to draw him in. Their eyes met and William turned around, carried on working. There are now 6 guests aboard the ship.

Little did he know that there were about to be much less.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> Thankyou for the Kudos, it is what's bringing some kind of outside interaction during the current climate. I'd love any comments, feel free to say hi, I won't bite!
>
> Hannibal Finally meets Will, the man who doesn't get charmed easily.

Hannibal had an enjoyable evening, he found it all a curious sight. The contrast from poverty to riches, the huge ships with plenty of life towering over the broken down homes of the inhabitants. He stalked through the crowds, smiling charmily at anyone that met his eye, dreaming of the next victim, he could feel his mouth salivate from the thought.

He managed to put his hunger under control as he spotted the ship he was due to board, he stepped upon the wooden plank and tested the balance, a joyful step on either side. The man opposite him had his book open ready to check his name off the list of passengers. His bloodshot eyes looked upon Hannibal who was clearly more interested in the happenings behind him, than the man checking his name off the list. Hannibal felt his eyes upon him and locked his gaze upon him, he gave a toothly smile and stepped on board, his stature became very prominent, he gestured with his hand as he spoke.

"Hello good sir, The name is Lord Hannibal Lector. I do believe there is a room booked for me?" he asked, as the man looked down into his book for his name, the lord looked around the area. He looked upon the deck, looking at all the dirt and grime that sat upon the rotting wood, the parasites that could very well be present within the very walls of the ship. His face grimaced, that was until he caught eye of a young man looking at him almost as curious as he was. The man obviously noticed as he turned around quickly and resumed working.

A small smile appeared upon the Lords lips. It was barely there, almost a minuscule amount, a small stretch of the skin. He was about to speak up, try and catch the young mans attention once more. Try and claw at the mind of this curiosity, when he heard the man in front of him speak. "Yes Lord Lector, welcome a board t' ship". Lector simply nodded and walked further onto the ship, frowning about the lack of the man he spotted before hand. Pity, he was getting hungry.

He walked towards the door that should lead him to the rooms, he pushed it open with lack of restraint, the door creaked open, he felt eyes look upon him from the top deck, 'good' he thought. He moved in, he eventually found his room and stepped inside. The room was empty, only a bed and wardrobe, not as extravagant as he was used to but no matter. He only needed to put up with this until he reached England. That was the goal after all. He spotted the window and drew the curtains, he couldn't risk being caught in the shining web of the sun.

With a click of his heals he turned around with a note in his step, he walked listening to the sounds of muffled voices, as he walked towards them the voices became clearer, louder. He followed the sounds like following the scent of a new prey, he was happy to find the other passengers sitting casually together enjoying the ships supply of multiple drinks. He was about to speak before someone had already spotted him.

"Oh my indeed, this man is certainly my taste!" A vulgar woman slurred out through her dreary lips, the Lord simply smiled and gave her a bow. His mouth sneering secretly throughout, as he came back out he introduced himself. "It is nice to meet you all, my name is-" He was cut off by the same woman.

"Come here pretty, let me have a good look at you." She beckoned, the Lord simply gave her a cold look. Another passenger intersected and stood in front of him, his hand stretched out for a handshake and a smile, "Sorry about her. Bedilia is 'on the hunt for a man' as you may say, sorry old chap, I didn't quite catch your name." he stated.

"That's because I was rudely interrupted, My name is Lord Lector, It is nice to meet you all." he said with very slight venom hidden within his speech.
The man looked at him with shock, until he smiled and sat back down, asking the lord to sit down with him, Hannibal smiled and agreed.

"So, how come your heading to England Mr.Lector?" he asked, Hannibal looked at him with an intensity, watching his veins pulsate through his words, it was mesmerizing. "Hm? Oh yes. I would like to see the sights and perhaps move there. This country has become horribly dull." He stated, taking a deep swallow of spit to calm him down. With a heavy sigh he stood up and walked back towards the door to his cabin.

Staying was going to be risky, he was getting hungry and he couldn't risk killing everyone in that room. He would wait till later, that was the plan. "It was nice to meet you all, I am afraid it had been a long journey for me to get here and I am tired. Do excuse me." He walked through and reached his room, leaning on the wall with heavy breaths.

There were knocks coming from a few doors down, he looked upon his door for inspection. He then closed his eyes and listened out, it was a gift of his. To listen, to really listen to everything around him. He could hear a slow heartbeat from a few doors down. He thought it could be someone retiring early, that was until he heard the knocks closer to his door now, it was certainly next door. He listened once more and felt his fangs grow longer, his breath hitching.

He hated being a slave to his thirst, he wanted to socialise, to *talk* to people. It was quite difficult to do when all he could think of ripping their throats out with his teeth and feasting on the blood fall that fell onto him.
He gripped his fists together until he heard the same knocks now upon his door. He felt him self dash over to the door in one breath, opening it to see the woman who was so rude to him before. Her eyes sullen with an intoxication, a drunken smile upon her lips.

"There you are pretty." She said, he then smiled and pulled her in to his domain.

---------- ------- the next day ----------

Hannibal awoke to knocks at his door once more, he took a sigh and opened it up. It was a worker upon the ship, "Sorry to disturb you Sir, A passenger has gone missing you see. Just checking you're alright and if you've seen her. She was.. Is Miss Bedelia Du Maurier." He stated, he looked 19 at most, too young for this kind of job, for the horror he would witness in the days to come.

Hannibal smiled back with a toothy grin once more, "What a shame! Are you sure they aren't in someone's room or somewhere they shouldn't be?" he asked with a slight wink. The young man coughed with a bright red cheek, "Just checking sir! G-goodbye." He rushed and moved onto the next room. Hannibal smiled and closed the door.

He walked up to the window, the curtains were drawn for his own safety, he smiled and said, "Sweet dreams in the ocean all who are rude to me."

Will awoke to his fellow crew mate shaking him out of bed, "What is it Matt?!" he asked in a annoyed voice.

"Someone's gone missing, all crew to investigate! She's probably fallen asleep somewhere, but the person who finds her gets on the cap'ans good side!" he cheerfully exclaimed, Will wasn't taking it. He shook his hand away and got dressed.

"Not my problem about some drunken woman, I'll be actually doing my job." he replied, Matt shook his head and left, presumably to find the woman. Will sighed and moved through the deck, he got the mop out and starting making fine work on the floors.

This is what Wills day was, day to day he would clean the deck, make sure everything is in working order, even the masts had to be in the right place. It was hard work, but he felt part of something new this way.

As he was cleaning the floor on the top deck, he couldn't help but notice a piece of cloth in the water floating along past them, he didn't think anything of it at the time, it was probably part of some lost soul out to sea.

By lunch time, Will had finished washing the decks, he tried to take his time but there was only so much he could do. Some dirt and grime won't wash off, some of it is one with the ship. That resonated with Will somehow.

He sat down at the workers table in the kitchen, he had a stale piece of bread to eat. To others, that would seem like something terrible, something disgusting. But for Will, who had spent many months and years on the piss of the town, a stale piece of bread was worth every bite. He was no stranger to hunger, to have a place to sleep, to have something to eat twice a day. That was luxury to Will.

"this bread isn't half bad." He stated to the cook, who looked and smirked back at him, "It's only the leftovers from the passengers, I wouldn't get too happy about it. May run out of bread soon enough.

"Waste not want not." He replied, finishing his last bite. With a sigh he pushed himself up from the bench, propped the plate down in the sink and cracked his knuckles. "Alright, next

job to do." He said to himself. The cook huffed and said,

"Don't tire you're self out there Lad, dinner isn't for a while." Will smiled and walked out, he had to check on the guests, something he didn't like to do. He hated people, but this would be the first time he would meet them, hopefully he was wrong about them and they aren't as bad as he thought.

He knocked upon each door, smiling his charming smile, asking if there was anything wrong, if they needed help at all. Except with a few people telling him to bugger off, he didn't have a problem. He knocked finally on the last door,there was no response and then after a few more seconds went by he knocked again. Still silence, he then placed his right ear upon the door, maybe the passenger went somewhere, which would suck in more ways than one, it meant that he would have to go find them.

To Will's surprise, Hannibal opened the door, shocking Will who lost balance and stumbled into the man. Hannibal looked down at him, with curiosity. Will stepped back with a blush upon his face, now he had done it. "Sorry sir! I was just checking to see if you were still in." He stated in a rush.

Hannibal smiled, "It's quite alright, what's wrong?" he asked. Remembering Will to be be the man who caught his attention back when he was boarding the ship. Will smiled back, "I am here to ask if I can be of service at all?" he asked, Hannibal looked at his intensely, Will stepped back.

"... I am fine, Thank you ...?" he asked, gesturing to Will. "Uhh Will." he replied, avoiding eye contact. Hannibal's smile didn't leave his face one bit, the young man was effectively avoiding his charm, something that never really happend.

"Well, William. I must go back to bed, feeling rather tired. I hope to see you later on in the night." he said trying to reach Wills gaze, who in turn refused to reach his. Will simply smiled awkwardly and left to finish his chores.

This interaction left Hannibal quite.. intrigued. He had never met someone who refused to look at him, wasn't charmed by his looks alone. Better yet, met his eyes and looked away. He wanted to meet the man once more, however it was daylight out, he had to wait.

Will shook off this uncomfortable feeling passing through his being, it made him awkwardly shiver. "What the fuck?" he asked himself, until Matt appeared next to him and replied; "Fuck what?"

Will looked at him with annoyance, "Nothing, did you find the missing passenger?" He asked, Matt shook his head. "Probably fell overboard, sad but sometimes it happens. Especially if their drunk." Will's eyes sulked down to the deck's floor.

"Damn, that's unfortunate." He replied,

"Yeah, oh well. We didn't know them, shouldn't let it get us down." Matt said with a cheeky grin, he popped his arm around Wills shoulder and dragged him into kitchen.

"Matt I have work to do, so do you." He grunted at his friend,

"It's a sad occasion and you've been pardoned off for the day."

"Why?"

"Well most of us have, the new'ens, to not over work during the day, they got us a half day to get over any sea sickness we might 'av."

"too bad but I'm not sick, I'm heading to the deck, they'll need more people, especially if you're slacking off." He grinned, moving Matt's hand out of the way.

"Suit your self, but don't come to me when you're sick your self." Matt replied, calling out to him and Will walked out and up to the deck. Turns out they did need help, Will's hands grew sore from pulling on rope for the rest of the day.

Night time crawled around, a few passengers came up to the deck through out the day, he was surprised to not see the gentleman he had seen before. Will leaned against the mast and looked out onto the ocean, he gazed at all the stars that lit up the night sky, the moon that shone down upon the blackened sea water.

"It's a beautiful sight, is it now William?" Hannibal asked, scaring Will who jumped and almost tripped over his own feet.

"Y-yes it is!" he replied, avoiding eye contact as he faced the man, he noticed how beautiful the man was. The way the light of moon complimented all of the shapes upon his body, Will then turned back to the water. He was handsome, but most men are nowadays, they can afford to groom themselves, wear beautiful clothing. When there's Will, who has a shabby beard, overgrown hair and workers clothes. He wondered if the man knew what he had.

Hannibal looked at his curiously, William was clearly admiring him, but to look away? He was a surprising man, Hannibal wasn't wrong about him.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> I am sorry for the HUGE gap between this and the last chapter. Things have gotten quite crazy this past month or so. I lost muse for this story and tried very hard to get back into it.
> I am terribly sorry for the wait, and I hope it is okay :)

That night had certainly been an odd one for Will, he couldn't quite remember when he retired to his chamber... Nor can he remember the two identical puncture wounds happening on his pale neck. His eyes scowled at the image of them in the mirror, luckily his curly hair easily hid them.

'What could of given me these... what even are these? An insect? Some... Snake that somehow got on the boat unnoticed and didn't go for the kill?' Will thought to himself as he curiously prodded at the broken skin, wincing at the pain and the feeling of the wounds. No, no snake could do this, perhaps a spider with huge pincers... or at some point in the night he fell on some object and it hurt him..

'What ever'. he thought as he got dressed and started his day. It was going to be a long day of mopping the deck, tending to the guests and general ship chores. At least he could switch his brain off and work brainlessly.

Or rather it would of been quite a peaceful day for Will, if Matt wasn't stationed with him the entire time chatting his ear off.

"We never found that missing passenger, you think she fell overboard?" he asked, his slender fingers clenching the mop as he stood still watching Will do all of the work.

"Probably, one less mouth to feed." Will replied, a little frustrated from the constant chatting and the work they should of shared. "You gonna give me a hand?" he asked rather bluntly.

Matt shook his head in disbelief, "I could give you something else?" he asked with a small wink, Will could feel the bile coming up his throat, however he fought hard to keep it down.

"Very funny Matt, we would be done faster if you actually did your job, than participate in gossip." He finished, missing the death stare that came his way.

With a slow sigh, Matt finally began to do his work, which rewarded him with a sweet smile from Will. "That'a boy." he finished.

'Maybe the day will go quick, God I hope it does..' he thought to himself. Not really noticing the presence of another man standing in the hallway the two were currently cleaning. Not

until he looked up through his curly locks, he could see Hannibal standing, with an almost feral look upon his precine face before it disappeared into his familiar smile.

"Morning Sir." Will said, which shook Matt upright and give a small bow to Hannibal who was walking closer to them, his face looking a lot more calm. Will began to think it was all his imagination.. it was certainly running wilder recently.

"Good Morning, I haven't interrupted this.." he began, his eyes looking back and forth from Matt to Will. "Work?" he finished. Will straightened himself up and gave him a professional smile.

"By no means Sir. Would you like to pass? Do be careful, the floorboards are wet." Will quickly replied, resulting in a sharp look from Hannibal.

"I told you to call me Hannibal, Will." He said as he began to walk to and past the two men. "I hope I see you tonight Will, I enjoyed our chats looking at the stars.." he finished, keeping his gaze on Matt. His smile turning into a proud smirk, knowing no matter how hard Matt tries... Will will always be his.

And with that, he was gone. Will's cheeks flushed with rose, Matt's face however turned sour. "Tonight? Last night? Will, wanna explain?" Matt demanded rather than asked.

"We looked at the stars, or rather, I was there and he joined me." Will replied, a small smile on his face as remembered the scene.

"You mean you asked him there? You whored your self out for him didn't you? What did he promise you, money? Pretty little things?" Matt's words sounded like venom.

"What the F- Matt! Not that it's any of your business, but -"

"Like you would even tell me, can't believe this. Fucking disgusting." Matt interrupted.

Will threw his mop down in anger. "Fuck you Matt. Fuck. You." His feet began to storm before he really thought about it, he stormed out of the corridor and back to his chambers. Almost pulling his hair out from frustration.

'What the fuck is Matt saying?' he thought, 'Whoring? What does that even mean!'

Hannibal walked back round the corner from where he stood listening from the darkness, after he heard Will storm out, he knew it was safe to show once more.

"Oh dear, It appears you have the work for two now." He started, his stance almost predatory.

Matt spat to the side and threw his own mop on the floor. "Mind your own business...Sir.." he replied.

Hannibal began to laugh, "Oh... Matt was it?" he asked. Matt nodded slowly, as if Hannibal was stupid.

"You see... Will is.. special.." He started, taking steps closer, feeling Matt's eyes catching his. Entranced.

"And you and him won't ever happen. Not while I'm here. He is destined for the darkness, and you are not it." He finished, before his fangs bit right into Matt's neck. He drank until he was sure Matt was dead. He did a quick surveillance of the area as he looked around, and dipped back into the darkness, this time with Matt in tow.

Will returned to the corridor moments later, hoping to find Matt and give him another piece of his mind, although quite shocked to find both mops on the ground. With an angered sigh he picked both mops up, while he was picking Matt's up he was curious as to why there was a few drops of blood pooling in the water. Although it wouldn't be a surprise if Matt punched something and hurt himself.

He shook his head and carried on cleaning the hallway, happy to have some peace of mind.

The rest of day was easy, he was happy to not run into Matt at all. His mind wondered time to time, he began to think about Hannibal, as to what kind of man he was, what kind of work he did. What he thought about him, what he thought.. about a lot of things.

Finished for the night, he took his steps to the deck, looking out for Hannibal, and very happy to see the man to the left looking out to the sea.

"Hannibal."

Hannibal smiled and turned around, "Hello, Will. I hope you had a good day?" He asked, Will looked at him with a slightly gloom of a smile. "Truth be told, it could of been hell of a lot better. However that's not important.."

"Tell me, Will. I will listen." Hannibal asked.

"Honestly, don't worry about it." Will replied with a sigh.

"Let me worry. What is wrong?" Hannibal said with a voice of caution.

Will began to stand next to Hannibal, his own eyes scouting across the ocean. "Matt had thought you and I were having relations last night, and it appears I am a whore for it. Even if I didn't do it."

"What nonsense. This 'Matt' is clearly off his head."

Will nodded, "I had thought we were friends, however it appears he doesn't want to be that anymore.."

Hannibal turned to Will and took his hands softly into his own, "If a friend says vile things like this to you, were they truly your friend?" he asked, Will looked at him with eyes full of realisation.

"I suppose you're right Hannibal." He finished with a smile, however taking his hands back as he looked around the deck for more people, luckily no one was around. Hannibal smiled back, amused Will could shake him off once again.

"I would like to be your friend Will, if you would let me." Hannibal said adoringly.

Will looked back at him, almost critically. He liked the man, but he hardly knew him. "I don't find you that interesting."

"you will."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!